

# The Holmes County Farmer.

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1863.

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## THE Holmes County Farmer.

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The Farmers have larger circulation than any other paper in this section of the State. It is now, and has been for thirty six consecutive years the official paper of the county.

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Office, in second story of Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court House.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
SPARTAN LODGE NO. 126,  
OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, meet the Friday or on previous the full moon in every month, at Masonic Hall.

**BACK PAY, BOUNTY &c.**  
T. A. TAYLOR, Notary Public, Millersburg, O.  
will promptly attend to procuring back pay, bounty and pensions for disabled and discharged soldiers, and to the collection of claims for friends of those deceased.

**A. J. BELL,**  
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Millersburg, O. He is at all times ready to furnish bill up, and take acknowledgments of all kinds of deeds, conveyances, mortgages, and powers of attorney, and record the same; take Depositions to be used in any of the Courts of this State; and Protest Notes, Bills of Exchange, &c. Office, in the County Recorder's office.

**LAWRENCE MCMEIRELL,**  
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THE National Tax Law requires all public vendues to be held by a licensed Auctioneer. L. MCMEIRELL is the only licensed Auctioneer in the West part of the county. Address, L. MCMEIRELL, Feb. 12, 1863, Plimpton, Holmes Co., Ohio.

**YOUNG & FRAZER,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF CABINET WARE, COFFIN &c. Main Street, MILLERSBURG, O.

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**HERZER & PERRY,**  
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Produce and Commission Merchants, DEALERS IN FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS, SALT, FISH WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c. and PURCHASERS OF WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, WOOL, Seeds, Dried Fruit, BUTTER, EGGS, &c. MILLERSBURG, O.

**B. B. STAFFORD,**  
HAS OPENED A Wholesale Liquor Store, IN MILLERSBURG, In the Rooms heretofore occupied by Mulvan's Store, where pure quality of all kinds of liquors can be bought at the lowest city price.

**FAIRBANK'S**  
STANDARD SCALES  
OF ALL KINDS. Also, WAREHOUSE TRUCKS, LEVER PRESSES, &c. FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & CO. 172 Lake Street, Chicago.

**GRAPE PLANTS.**  
THE undersigned has for sale at his Vineyard, near Millersburg, some 800 Grape Plants, two years old. About as equal number of them are Catawba and Isabella. Price only 10 cents each. I have also about 1000 first class Cuttings for sale at 50 cents per hundred, and several thousand second class at 25 cents per hundred.

**VENUE CRIBER.**  
THE undersigned tenders his services as Auctioneer to the citizens of Holmes county. Many years experience induces me to believe that the liberal patronage I have heretofore received from my friends will still be extended to me.

**POETRY.**  
IS THIS A TIME TO DANCE?  
The breath of evening sweeps the plain,  
And sheds its perfume in the dell—  
But on its wings are sounds of pain,  
Sad tones that drown the color swell,  
And yet we hear a mirthful call,  
Fair pleasure smiles with beaming glance,  
Gay music sounds in the joyous hall!  
Ah God! is this a time to dance?

Sad notes, as if a spirit sigh,  
Float from the crimson battle plain,  
As if a mighty spirit cried—  
In awful agony and pain—  
Our friends we know there suffering lay,  
Exposed to the cold, piercing day,  
And in reproachful accents say—  
Loved ones, is this a time to dance?

Oh! hush your festive robes on high!  
The human gore that flows around  
Will stain their hues with crimson dye;  
And lo! the dying warrior's cry!  
To drown the dying warrior's cry!  
Let sparkling wine your joy enhance,  
Forget that blood has tinged its dye,  
And quicker urge the merriment dance?

But stop! the floor beneath your feet  
Is all so stained with blood and gore,  
And every strain of music sweet,  
Wafts forth a dying soldier's moan,  
Oh! sisters, who have brothers dear  
Exposed to every battle's chance,  
Brings dark remorse no forms of fear,  
To fright you from the heartless dance?

Go fling your fatal robes away!  
Go don the mourner's sable veil!  
Go bow before your God and pray!  
If yet your prayers may aught avail.  
Go face the fearful force of death,  
And trembling meet his chilling glance,  
And then, for once, with truthful breath,  
Answer, *Is this a time to dance?*

## Miscellaneous.

### THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

SHOULD SUMTER HAVE BEEN EVACUATED?  
When Democrats say that the evacuation of Fort Sumter would have prevented war, says the Coshocton Democrat, Republicans charge them with the entertainment of treasonable sentiments. Below we give the language of the leading Republican paper of Ohio, in favor of the evacuation of Sumter as a peace measure. The article from which the following was extracted, appeared in the Cincinnati Gazette, of March 12, 1861:

"A collision at this point would, in all probability, be the beginning of a general civil war, and this the National Government seems to think it can, under the circumstances, afford to avoid; especially as the withdrawal of the troops from Fort Sumter would assure the country of the peaceful intentions of the Administration."

"It is not to be doubted, however, that the evacuation of Fort Sumter, while greatly diminishing the danger of civil war, would accomplish more than any policy that could be adopted to weaken the strength of the Secessionists in the border States, and to strengthen the Union feeling throughout the South. If however much our feelings might incline us to desire a different kind of treatment for South Carolina rebels, we are not prepared to dispute the wisdom of the Administration in a measure leading to the continuance of peace and an ultimate peaceful adjustment of our national troubles."

SENATOR WADE FAVORS DISSOLUTION.  
Senator Wade, a favorite of the pretended Unionists, in the United States Senate in 1855, used the following treasonable language:

"I say, then, gentlemen, argue any thing so but do not threaten dissolution, because it has no terrors for me. Whenever the majority of the North or South shall find that it is incompatible with their interests to be united, they will separate, and nothing can prevent them."

EDWARD EVERETT ON RESTORING THE UNION BY FORCE.  
The following is an extract from a letter written by the Hon. Edward Everett, to the Boston Courier, dated Feb. 22, 1861:

"To expect to hold fifteen States by force is preposterous. The idea of a war accomplished, as it would be, by servile insurrection, is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. If our sister States must leave us, in the name of Heaven, leave them to go in peace."

## Who is Responsible for the Present War—A Truthful and Elegant Picture.

The following extract is from Mr. Voorhees' late speech in New York. We copy it because it is true as Holy Writ:

"Mr. Voorhees read from the debates in Congress, showing that Douglas said in the Thirty sixth Congress that if his party had triumphed in the last election, the people of the Southern States would have rested in the security that they were safe, and the Union would never have been dissolved. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay and Webster, predicted that the result of a sectional party would be disunion and civil war, and yet the Republicans are excessively sensitive about being charged as the authors of this war."

I am sure, said the speaker, if I felt that the blood of this war was in any way on my hands, or that any vote of mine had brought into existence a thousand miles of graves upon the borders of the South—had caused this mourning of mothers for their first born, like Rachel weeping for her children because they are not; if I thought that I was responsible by word or deed for this war, I should feel that upon my fingers was the blood-red dammed spot of murder, that would incarnadine great Neptune's wave, and that all the waters in the ocean would not wash out. [Great applause, and three cheers for Voorhees, the patriot given heartily.] There would be no repose for me this side or the other of the grave. I would have to keep a lighted candle in my room to keep away specters of the murdered dead and slain in battle. I thank God to night, and love to look in the faces of an audience that participate in the feelings, that no Democrat has to take the guilt of this great crime against nature and humanity. You know it well that if every body had voted as you voted, and talked as you talked, and minded their own business as you minded yours, and let the slave States alone in slavery, and let them have the guarantee of the Constitution—who does not know that there would have been peace and Union before to-day."

The man who pretends he don't know it falsifies his own internal convictions. Every man knows it. He who stands before you and says it is not true don't even represent his own heart. It is an inactive feeling in your own breast, and you know it. Consequently, when you ask this question of Republicans, how anxious, how nervous, and sensitive they are; how they put up their hands and say, 'Let's argue this question when the war is over,' it is like Banquo's ghost haunting McBeth. Their eyeballs are scared by the awful sight. They ask that the day of reckoning may be postponed, like some guilty wretch upon the verge of hell, let us not discuss those questions now."

How loving they are with Democrats that will give them time—with men who will agree to say, 'We will speak of these things when the war is over.' Ah, gentlemen, short accounts and quick settlements are best. [Great cheering.] I propose to settle this account all along the line. It is best to do so because they will be asking us to trust them again."

## Marvels of Man.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living hand; but at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea and land, in the valley and on the mountain top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisiest dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blindest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. But this fluid, so well adapted to the eye itself, contains some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them, there are little oil manufactory, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeball washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life giving properties, that to re-breathe it, un-mixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while, if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils, it ascends to the higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends, is beautifully exhibited by a frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all her ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organ of voice, and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweet strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle, making the navel its center, will just take in the head, the finger ends and feet. The distance from 'top to toe' is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin, is one tenth of the length of whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these, seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made have their essential basis in the four substances—oxygen, nitrogen, carbon—representing the more familiar names of fire, water, salt, and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth—a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, and an atom of charcoal.

But, looking at him in another direction, these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a divine nature, of an immortal existence. In that spark is the color which speaks of irrepresible activity; in that drop is the water which speaks of purity; in that grain is the force by which he subdues all things; himself makes the wide creation the supplier of his wants, and the servitor of his pleasures; while in that atom of charcoal there is diamond, which speaks at once of light and purity, of indestructibility, and of resistless progress. For there is nothing which outshines it. It is purer than the dew-drop, 'Moth and rust' corrupt it not, nor can ordinary fires destroy it; while it cuts its way alike through brass, and adamant, and hardest steel. In that light we see an eternal progression toward omniscience; in that purity, the goodness of divine nature; in that indestructibility an immortal existence; in that progress, a steady accession toward the home and bosom of God.—Hall's Journal of Health.

## A Long War.

The national fallacy of a short war in which our people indulged at the breaking out of the rebellion, has faded like a dissolving view, and the reverse is the scene upon which we now look. When the President two years ago, issued his call for seventy-five thousand three month soldiers, a large majority of our people confidently believed that before the end of three months the rebellion would be subdued. Two years have passed, and now no man of sound judgment pretends to predict an early peace by the medium of war. The conviction that instead of months, years of bloody, desolating war must intervene before the attainment of an honorable peace, has gradually taken possession of the public mind. We now see that the "breakfast job" upon which the sanguine class dilated when the present Administration came into power, has become a meal of uncomforable duration, and is much warmer than we like.

Apparently, the object for which the war was commenced (the ostensible object, we mean,) is no nearer the consummation than it was two years ago. The main body of our army is nearly in the same position that it was then, and is confronted by the same obstacle. We have won battles, and so have the rebels; we have taken possession of isolated portions of their territory, and in many instances have been obliged to retire; we have captured their cities and have been compelled to evacuate them, and the question is forced upon us, "What have we gained?"

It is true, our troops occupy a few important positions in the rebel territory, but every general reader knows that the cotton States, in which the great struggle must culminate, have as yet barely been touched. They are the "last ditch," of which the rebels so frequently speak, and the war in the border States is but preliminary to the awful conflict which in them must necessarily take place. We may assume, of course, that the rebels are only boasting for effect, in their "last ditch" allusions, and that they will be glad to capitulate after having lost the border States; but the knowledge of a probability that the war will last three, six, or ten years longer, it is important that they should know it, and prepare themselves for the necessary sacrifice.—Akron Democrat.

## How to Make Union Men.

We are asked to put on record for future reference the following facts, which occurred last Fall:

PLUNDERING GENERAL TAYLOR'S PLANTATION.—Walton's Daily Montpelier Journal contains a letter from a soldier of the Vermont 8th, dated Camp Allen, Aug. 26, in which he states that on the previous Thursday, the property of Gen. Richard Taylor, a son of old General Taylor, (by whom it was bequeathed to him,) was confiscated, the son being now in the rebel army. The slaves, 150 in number, were all declared emancipated, while the plantation was plundered by the Union soldiers. According to the writer:

"It is one of the most splendid plantations that I ever saw. There were on it 700 acres of sugar cane which must not upon the ground if the Government does not harvest it. I wish you could have seen the soldiers plunder this plantation. After the stock was driven off, the boys began by ordering the slaves to bring out everything there was to eat and drink. They brought out hundreds of bottles of wine, eggs, preserved figs and peaches, turkeys, chickens and honey in any quantity."

"I brought away a large camp kettle and frying pans that belonged to old General Taylor, and also many of his private papers. I have one letter of his own hand writing, and many from Secretary Stanton—some from Gen. Scott, and some from the traitor Floyd. I brought away four bottles of claret wine."

"The camp is loaded down with plunder; all kinds of clothing, rings, watches, guns, pistols, and some of Gen Taylor's old hats and coats, belts, swords—and, in fact, every odd relic he had worn about the camp."

"You and every one may be thankful that you are out of the reach of plundering armies. Here are whole families of women and children running in the woods—large plantations entirely deserted—nothing left except slaves too old to run away—all kinds of the best mahogany furniture broken to pieces. Nothing is respected."

## The Underground Abolition Leagues.

The Abolitionists are using every effort to increase the membership of their new organization. They call it the "U. L. A.," which, it has been suggested, may very properly be interpreted "Underground Abolition League." The name of the association, however, is unimportant. Its purpose is the main thing, and no man of sense, after proper reflection, can doubt that its great purpose is not to uphold the Union, but to beat the Democratic party and to keep the country under the control of that party which is ruled by Chase, Giddings, Lovejoy, Wade, Sumner, &c., &c. These are the men who issue orders to their tools and agents in all the counties of the North; and these orders are to be gradually carried into effect by means of secret "Leagues" got up under pretense of helping to prevent disunion, but in reality to sustain a party which has never been willing to live in peace with the South. These tools of Chase &c., know that no Democrat would join one of their dark lantern societies if it was called a "Republican League." With a view, therefore, to mislead honest men, they hide their old name and call themselves a "Union League." But this change of name is a trick which should deceive no intelligent man. In fact, it is not men of intelligence that they expect to deceive. They don't profess this. Their only hope is to get hold of such Democrats as have lost office or can be deceived by a name. Of this last class, it is the business of the Democracy to see that their gains are small. Care should be taken in every neighborhood in the North, to see that unsuspecting Democrats are warned of the true object of these Leagues,—let them be notified that their design is to put Abolition tools into office, and to keep the Government from under the control of that party under which the Union was prospered and happy for three quarters of a century.—Newark Advocate.

## An Astonished Agent.

As a polite omnibus agent was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage he asked a very pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to the hotel.

"No, sir," was her reply.

The agent then asked her if she desired a "bus."

She instantly gave him a very sweet smile, and replied:

"No, sir, I am not in a bustling humor this evening."

The agent dropped his memorandum book, hastily retired to the baggage car, and said he felt unwell.

How many legs would a dog have, if you called his tail one? "Five of course," "No; only four. It wouldn't make his tail a leg to call it one."

A woman will never acknowledge a defeat. You may conquer her, you may bring her on her knees, you may wave over her head the very flag of victory, but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten.

PATER is so scarce in the South the editor of the *Morning Traction* writes his editorial with stolen chalk on the sole of his boots, and goes bare-footed while his boy sets up the manuscript.

As exchange speaks of a boy with feet so large, that when it rains or he wants to get into the shade, he lies down on his back and holds up one foot. It fully answered the purpose of an umbrella.

A little girl showing her cousin, about four years old, a star, said, "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No it ain't," said she. "Yes it is." Then why don't it keep the world off?

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The following extract is from Mr. Voorhees' late speech in New York. We copy it because it is true as Holy Writ:

"Mr. Voorhees read from the debates in Congress, showing that Douglas said in the Thirty sixth Congress that if his party had triumphed in the last election, the people of the Southern States would have rested in the security that they were safe, and the Union would never have been dissolved. Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay and Webster, predicted that the result of a sectional party would be disunion and civil war, and yet the Republicans are excessively sensitive about being charged as the authors of this war."

I am sure, said the speaker, if I felt that the blood of this war was in any way on my hands, or that any vote of mine had brought into existence a thousand miles of graves upon the borders of the South—had caused this mourning of mothers for their first born, like Rachel weeping for her children because they are not; if I thought that I was responsible by word or deed for this war, I should feel that upon my fingers was the blood-red dammed spot of murder, that would incarnadine great Neptune's wave, and that all the waters in the ocean would not wash out. [Great applause, and three cheers for Voorhees, the patriot given heartily.] There would be no repose for me this side or the other of the grave. I would have to keep a lighted candle in my room to keep away specters of the murdered dead and slain in battle. I thank God to night, and love to look in the faces of an audience that participate in the feelings, that no Democrat has to take the guilt of this great crime against nature and humanity. You know it well that if every body had voted as you voted, and talked as you talked, and minded their own business as you minded yours, and let the slave States alone in slavery, and let them have the guarantee of the Constitution—who does not know that there would have been peace and Union before to-day."

The man who pretends he don't know it falsifies his own internal convictions. Every man knows it. He who stands before you and says it is not true don't even represent his own heart. It is an inactive feeling in your own breast, and you know it. Consequently, when you ask this question of Republicans, how anxious, how nervous, and sensitive they are; how they put up their hands and say, 'Let's argue this question when the war is over,' it is like Banquo's ghost haunting McBeth. Their eyeballs are scared by the awful sight. They ask that the day of reckoning may be postponed, like some guilty wretch upon the verge of hell, let us not discuss those questions now."

How loving they are with Democrats that will give them time—with men who will agree to say, 'We will speak of these things when the war is over.' Ah, gentlemen, short accounts and quick settlements are best. [Great cheering.] I propose to settle this account all along the line. It is best to do so because they will be asking us to trust them again."

## Mince Pie Vs. Tracts.

We heard a good story yesterday related by a German who was confined in all the hospitals at Nashville, which proves conclusively that sick soldiers appreciate food for the stomach more than food for the mind.

A rebel lady visited the hospital one morning, with a negro servant, who carried a large basket on his arm, covered with a white linen cloth. She approached our humane friend and accosted him thus:

"Are you a good Union man?"

"I sh'd dat," was the laconic reply of the German, at the same time casting a hopeful glance at the aforesaid basket.

"That is all I wanted to know," replied the lady, and beckoning the negro to follow, she passed to the opposite side of the room where a rebel soldier lay, and asked him the same question, to which he promptly replied: "Not by a d—sight." The lady thereupon uncovered the basket and laid out a bottle of wine, mince-pie, pound cake, and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured in the presence of the Union soldier, who felt somewhat indignant.

On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance with a large covered basket, and she also accosted our German friend, and desired to know if he was a Union man.

"I sh, by Got; I no care what you got; I beee Union."

The lady then set her basket on the table and our German friend thought that the truth availed in this case, if it did fall in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow's face when the lady uncovered the basket and presented him with about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head dolefully and said:

"I no read English, and peside, dat rebel on to nenter side of te house need dem so more as me."

The lady distributed them and left. Not long afterward along came another richly dressed lady, who propounded the same question again to our German friend. He stood gazing at the basket, apparently at a loss for a reply. At length he answered her, in Yankee style, as follows:

"By Got, you no git me this time; vot you got mit de basket?"

The lady required an unequivocal answer to her question, and was about to move on when our German friend shouted out:

"If you got tracts, I beee Union; but if you got mince-pie mit pound-cake mit vine, I beee Secesh lak teibel."

Sick soldiers have little desire to read tracts when they are famished for food, and want those little delicacies so conducive to the recovery of hospital patients.—When our ladies visit hospitals with tracts, we would suggest the importance of accompanying them with a basket of provisions, and they will be better appreciated.—*Low Journal.*

She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who can compose a book.

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## Mince Pie Vs. Tracts.

We heard a good story yesterday related by a German who was confined in all the hospitals at Nashville, which proves conclusively that sick soldiers appreciate food for the stomach more than food for the mind.

A rebel lady visited the hospital one morning, with a negro servant, who carried a large basket on his arm, covered with a white linen cloth. She approached our humane friend and accosted him thus:

"Are you a good Union man?"

"I sh'd dat," was the laconic reply of the German, at the same time casting a hopeful glance at the aforesaid basket.

"That is all I wanted to know," replied the lady, and beckoning the negro to follow, she passed to the opposite side of the room where a rebel soldier lay, and asked him the same question, to which he promptly replied: "Not by a d—sight." The lady thereupon uncovered the basket and laid out a bottle of wine, mince-pie, pound cake, and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured in the presence of the Union soldier, who felt somewhat indignant.

On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance with a large covered basket, and she also accosted our German friend, and desired to know if he was a Union man.

"I sh, by Got; I no care what you got; I beee Union."

The lady then set her basket on the table and our German friend thought that the truth availed in this case, if it did fall in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow's face when the lady uncovered the basket and presented him with about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head dolefully and said:

"I no read English, and peside, dat rebel on to nenter side of te house need dem so more as me."

The lady distributed them and left. Not long afterward along came another richly dressed lady, who propounded the same question again to our German friend. He stood gazing at the basket, apparently at a loss for a reply. At length he answered her, in Yankee style, as follows:

"By Got, you no git me this time; vot you got mit de basket?"

The lady required an unequivocal answer to her question, and was about to move on when our German friend shouted out:

"If you got tracts, I beee Union; but if you got mince-pie mit pound